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The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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No. 7

THE NEW YEAR

By J. D. TEMPLETON

I AM the New Year, and I come to you
pure and unstained,
Fresh from the hand of God.
Each day, a precious pearl to you is given
That you must string upon the silver
thread of life.
Once strung can never be unthreaded but
stays
An undying record of your faith and
skill.
Each golden, minute link you them must
wield into the chain of hours
That is no stronger than its weakest
link.
Into your hands is given all the wealth
and power
To make your life just what you will.
I give to you, free and unstinted, twelve
glorious months
Of soothing rain and sunshine golden;
The days for work and rest, the nights
for peaceful slumber.
All that I have I give with love unspoken,
All that I ask—you keep the faith un-
broken!

HELP FOR EVERY NEED

IF AN inhabitant from one of the other worlds were to visit our earth, and ask to see the most valuable thing we possessed, what would we show him?

I would show him the Bible. I would point out to him all the wonderful promises that God has made therein to the people of this world.

The apostle Peter, describing the treasures of the gospel, declares that God has "given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." 2 Peter 1:4.

These promises are a treasure store from which we may draw everything that we can ever need both here and hereafter.

Do there come times of perplexity in *your* life when you are puzzled as to which course you should follow? Do you come into peculiar situations, where you know not which way to turn? Do you need guidance? There is a promise in God's Book that exactly fits this condition. God says:

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with Mine eye." Psalm 32:8.

In such times of perplexity appropriate this promise. Claim it by faith, and it will be fulfilled to you. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Proverbs 3:6.

Do you ever feel lonely? Does it seem at times as though everybody has forsaken you? Does even God seem far away? This is the time you need to know and use Matthew 28:20 and Hebrews 13:5.

The Lord Jesus is saying to you: "Lo, I am with you alway [every day and every hour], even unto the end of the world." "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Remember that in these promises the Lord is speaking to you individually, just as though you could hear His audible voice addressing you. It is your privilege to take these promises and put your own name into the promise in place of "you" or "thee."

Are you tormented with fear? Do you need courage for your task? Do doubt and uncertainty cloud your mind? Do trials and troubles depress and sadden your heart? Does the battle seem to be going against you? That is the time to

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use Isaiah 41:10.

Note this fivefold precious promise that God has provided to help you in such times of need:

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."

There is help and cheer in this promise for every soul. Take these words right into your heart, and your fears will be assuaged, your courage will be renewed, your depression and sadness will be gone, and new strength will come to you.

Are you troubled over wrong things you have done? Does your conscience smite you? Here is God's promise for you:

In Isaiah 1:18 He says, "Come now, and let us reason together: . . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Are you facing an unusually trying situation in the matter of physical impairment? Do your surroundings and the daily grind "get on your nerves"? There is help for you in this promise:

"My grace is sufficient for thee." 2 Corinthians 12:9.

Does some subtle temptation lie in your path? Are you encountering such severe temptations that you feel you cannot withstand them? Here is your special promise:

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be

tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." 1 Corinthians 10:13.

Are you in trouble and distress? That is the time to use Psalm 50:15. God says:

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." Psalm 50:15.

Does everything seem to go against you, and you have so many troubles that you are overwhelmed by them? God has given you a promise to meet this situation. Note this assurance:

"He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee." Job 5:19.

Does the way seem hard, and the load heavier than you can bear? Are you burdened with many cares? Here is a promise to help you:

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." Psalm 55:22.

Is your mind distressed and unsettled? Do you feel restless? Are you weary with the cares and grind of life? Do you want peace and rest? Then use Matthew 11:28-30.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

God's promises cover the entire scope of our lives. In childhood He says:

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Matthew 19:14.

When old age approaches, and life is drawing to a close, He says:

"Even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you." Isaiah 46:4.

His promises cover everything that may befall a person all along the journey of life. I say to you in great confidence that there is not a condition, however trying or distressing, that can

ever happen to you physically or spiritually but that there is a promise in the Bible that will bring you help and comfort.

Are you crippled, blind, deaf, or dumb? What if you should be paralyzed or lose a leg or an arm, or lose the power of sight or hearing or speech? God has made promises to fit these conditions. The word declares that God "will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing." Isaiah 35:4-6. He "shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body." Philippians 3:21.

Are some members of your family languishing on beds of pain and sickness? What if *you* should get sick and suffer pain? There is the precious promise that in this coming better world "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick," and "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Isaiah 33:24; Revelation 21:4.

Are you sorrowing over the loss of loved ones? Has some child of God gone down to the grave? There is the promise in 1 Thessalonians 4:16-18 that when the Lord comes "the dead in Christ shall rise," and loved ones will meet, never to part again.

What if you yourself should be swept away by the remorseless hand of death? There is a promise that reaches you even there. Jesus says:

"I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." John 11:25. "This is the Father's will which hath sent Me, that of all which He hath given Me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day." John 6:39.

The fact that God's promises will take care of us even in death proves that there is nothing that can ever befall us,—there is not a case of trouble, gloom, or despondency of any kind anywhere in the world,—but God has given some appro-

priate promise in the Bible that will cheer us and help us out if we will only take hold of it. In these days of uncertainty, stress, and strain, is it not good to know that, no matter what happens, the Lord promises to cover every possible emergency, and to help us through to everlasting victory?

"Those who surrender their lives to God's guidance and to His service will never be placed in a position for which He has not made provision."

JOHN L. SHULER

in *Signs of the Times*.

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS

LET us walk softly, friend;
For strange paths lie before us all untrod,
The New Year, spotless from the hand of God,
Is thine and mine, O friend.
Let us walk straight, friend;
Forget the crooked paths behind us now,
Press on with steadier purpose on our brow,
To better deeds, O friend.
Let us walk gladly, friend;
Perchance some greater good than we have known
Is waiting for us, or some fair hope flown
Shall yet return, O friend;
Let us walk humbly, friend;
Slight not the heart's-ease blooming round our feet;
The laurel blossoms are not half so sweet,
Or lightly gathered, friend.
Let us walk kindly, friend;
We cannot tell how long this life shall last,
How soon these precious years be overpast;
Let Love walk with us, friend.
Let us walk quickly, friend;
Work with our might while last our little stay,
And help some halting comrade on the way;
And may God guide us, friend.

By LILLIAN GRAY

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should ask for an enrollment blank and give as reference the name and address of their minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

CORRESPONDENTS

These *regular correspondents* may be adopted after postcard consultation with Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass. This is important and it should be done in order to avoid duplication in arranging for *regular correspondents*.

1. Mrs. Henry C. Phillips, Star Route, Covington, Va., is 57 years old and has eight children. Many years ago she had a regular correspondent and now she thinks she would like to renew her letter writing. She is particularly interested in one of her boys who is in second year high school and wishes to get some secondhand telegraphy books. Her family enjoys reading and she suggests that whoever adopts her to please enclose a stamped envelope for a return message.

2. Mrs. Lucy Howell, Silas Creek, N. C., seeks a regular correspondent. She is 43 years old and has seven boys and three girls. Reading and sewing are always acceptable, she writes.

3. I do not receive any letters from the Exchange and want to very much. Can you get me a regular correspondent? I am 43 years old and have one boy, age 23, and two girls, ages 11 and 25. Read-

ing is most needed by this family. Mrs. Frank R. Snider, Powhatan, Va.

4. Mrs. M. O. Cooper, Delano, Minn., has been a reader of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine* for several years. She loves to get letters and good reading. She is 78 years old and has lived on her father's homestead all her life. Mrs. Cooper would make an excellent correspondent for one of our workers.

5. I would be very glad to correspond with one of your workers, as I am a real shut-in. I lost my left leg in a car accident and my parents are not able to buy me an artificial leg. I get about on crutches a little, so you see, a little cheer would help. I like to sew and read and I am hopeful that someone will write soon. My age is 20. Miss Earnie Page, Crabtree, Ark.

6. Mrs. Edith Stewart, R. 1, B. 171a, Dayton, Tenn., says it is her first time to ever write the *Cheerful Letter Exchange*. She has five girls, ages 12 to 17, and her age is 40. They like to read and piece quilts and not having very much money they look forward to a friendly letter now and then and a little cheer.

7. My husband and I are members of the Baptist Missionary Church. I am 47 years old and have two boys, ages 14 and

16, and five girls, ages 18 to 25. I have been sick most of my life and it is no little job trying to get along. Please write to me occasionally and send us some reading matter. Even with a large family it gets lonesome in the country. Mrs. John Barker, R. 2, B. 131, Grassy Creek, N. C.

8. Mrs. Amy Cox, R. 1, Dayton, Tenn., says she is a lonely, poor woman. She has one boy, age 24, and two girls, ages 17 and 19. She wants to try a regular correspondent and will the one who adopts her please send some reading matter?

9. I am a young wife of 28 years and have three little boys, two, four and six in age. We farm in the country for a living, but we don't make much at it. We have no kind folks near us, so I would appreciate a regular correspondent. I do most of my sewing by hand, as we don't have any machine down this way. Will be waiting to hear. Mrs. Mary Davis, R. 1, Peachland, N. C.

10. I am newly married and get very lonely. Perhaps someone would like to write to me every month. Our winter days are very long and if you can spare some quilt pieces and embroidery material, you would be doing me a great favor. I am 20 years old. Mrs. Orpha Wilcox, Husk, N. C.

APPEALS

These Appeals need not be answered a second time and we ask you not to take them as a *regular correspondent* no matter how appealing the acknowledgment is for the package. For any exception please address this Department.

1. Mrs. Martha Hutchinson, Bee Branch, Ark., is 63 years old and has one boy, age 25, and two girls, ages 21 and 29, and comes to us for reading matter and needle work.

2. I am a young bride, age 18. We are living with my husband's parents and, leaving a large family behind, it gets pretty lonesome. There are no young folks around here—only my husband. I would appreciate any kind of

embroidery and quilt scraps. Sewing would keep me busy and help me to prepare for my future home. Mrs. Billy Spencer, Rugby, Va.

3. Mrs. Nettie Rogers, Crabtree, Ark., is 32 years old and has four boys and three girls. Their home is in the mountains and the family does not get hold of very much reading. Picture postcards, storybooks, scrapbooks, or just any kind of cheer for children, ages 2 to 12, would be welcome.

4. Here is an opportunity to help Mrs. Nora C. Howell, Boomer, N. C. Her boy, age 12, is in the seventh grade of elementary school and studying geography and likes it real well. He is working with southern countries of this continent and the book he has is vague and uninteresting. Will someone please send anything on the geography of Central America, Mexico, or southern United States? Advertising material will help, too, because pictures always seem to remain in a child's memory. The mother is anxious that her son pass the test given by the State, so let us try to help out in this home.

5. A friend sent me a copy of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*, which has given me inspiration to write this Department. I am the mother of four children, two boys, ages 2 months and 4, and two girls, ages 2 and 10. I would like to get some used readers, fifth, sixth and seventh grade, and good storybooks for a girl of ten. Also poems by Eugene Field, R. L. Stevenson and books like Pollyanna and Heidi. We have the usual farmer's luck, so there is no extra money for books or magazines. If this request comes under your Department I can assure you that the above and any secondhand school helps can be used to advantage. Mrs. J. E. Reynolds, Scotland, Ark.

6. Mrs. Hazel B. Sage, R. 1, B. 49, Volney, Va., has just married at the age of 19 and turns to us for some reading and any kind of sewing.

7. Will you please admit a lonely widow to your friendly circle? I am a poor woman with one daughter, age 18,

and two sons, ages 6 and 4. I would love to receive bits of thread and sewing material. It will help so much on rainy days. Crayons, pencils and storybooks would please the children more than I can express in words. Mrs. Mirtie Pate, R. 4, Gordo, Ala.

8. Mrs. Maggie Jones, R. 2, B. 69, Lenoir, N. C., has six children, ages 19 to 40. She is anxious for magazines, papers and books. Mrs. Jones is getting on in years and if this request is answered it will give her much enjoyment.

9. Mrs. Agatha Nolen, Thelma, Va., has five children, three boys, ages 8, 11 and 14; and two girls, ages 17 and 19. She asks for school materials and stamped pieces. She doesn't get out much owing to poor health, and a little cheer would certainly brighten this home.

10. My only means of support is one of my sons and it is real hard to keep our large family on its feet. None of us is in very good health and it would be a good surprise to hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* workers in the way of quilt scraps, thread and needles. Mrs. Myrtie Breeden, Campbell, Va.

11. I am a lonely widow getting along in years and haven't heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends for a long while. I would appreciate so much quilt pieces, any sewing material, and some good reading. Mrs. E. L. Wood, Snowden, Va.

12. Mrs. A. E. Golden, Archey, Ark., is 23 years old and lives with her parents so far back in the mountains that she cannot attend any church. It is a lonely life and she wonders if someone will send her some quilt scraps and old silk stockings for rug making.

13. As I haven't heard from any one for some time, is it asking too much to get some quilt scraps? I am nearly 60 years old and just have one son to help me and he suffers badly from kidney trouble. I thank you with all my heart for past favors and know God's blessings will rest upon each one of you. Mrs. Matilda Jones, Silas Creek, N. C.

14. Mrs. Oro Davis, Lenna, Okla., is dropping a few lines to let us know that

she has moved from Crabtree, Ark. Her new home is far from any neighbors and she gets very lonesome. She wants some good reading and embroidery thread.

15. I have a little girl a year old and a sick husband. Please send some scrap-books and quilt pieces. Any kind of cheer will mean sunshine in our home. Mrs. Ola Blevins, R. 1, B. 23, Whitetop, Va.

16. Mrs. Pauline Kennedy, R. 3, Soddy, Tenn., has been married three years and lives in the country. It is a lonesome life and good reading would start the year right. Also some quilt scraps might be included.

17. I live in a desolate place a long ways from the post office. I have two boys, ages 2 and 5, and they would like some pictures and storybooks. I could use some quilt scraps and if this cheer is sent this family will be very happy. Mrs. Wilse Roop, R. 1, Whitetop, Va.

18. Miss Edna Souther, R. 4, Sneedville, Tenn., has not walked for over a year following an operation. She likes to read Sunday School papers, religious periodicals or any kind of literature of that type. She has few comforts and this reading matter would come as a luxury. Her spirit is a beautiful one, but the hours cannot help but be lonely and hard for her.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

By GOETHE

Health enough to make work a pleasure,
Wealth enough to support your needs,
Strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them;
Grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them,
Patience enough to toil until good is accomplished,
Charity enough to see some good in your neighbor,
Love enough to move you to be useful and helpful to others,
Faith enough to make real the things of God,
Hope enough to remove all anxious fears concerning the future.

QUIET MOMENTS WITH THE PSALMIST

The Blessedness of Doing Right

BEFORE we enter far into the garden of the Psalms, we are invited to contemplate the life of the devout child of God occupied in meditating on the divine law, in sharp contrast with the life of the worldling who is tossed about by every external influence of evil.

The psalm begins like a beatitude, and clearly shows the way to blessedness. "Oh, the blessedness"—we might read the first verse—of the man who chooses to avoid the company of evil men and to delight in the assembly of the writers of God's holy word!

Two contrasting images develop the theme of the psalm. The righteous man is like a tree,—

"A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing
breast,"—

a tree whose roots go down to living springs. He is rooted and grounded in God's love. Therefore he bears fruit in season and shows to his fellows the perennial freshness of a deep spiritual experience. Because his life is in harmony with God, "whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Because he lays hold upon the life of God, and is sustained from within, he is not influenced by the play of circumstances, but stands immovable, his head bathed in the sunlight that comes from God's throne.

But as for the wicked man—not one good thing spoken of the righteous man can be said of him. The stability of the tree is not his. He is merely a bit of lifeless chaff, "driven with the wind and tossed." Without strength in himself and without connection with the Source of strength, he is entirely at the mercy of external influences—he is the creature of circumstance.

"Oh, the blessedness" of the earnest Christian who takes time—be sure that you must *take* it in this busy world, it will not come to you—to meditate upon God's word and the things of the king-

dom! "He shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." Jeremiah 17:8.

Would you know such blessedness? The promise is: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee." Isaiah 26:3. Trust in Him, keep your mind stayed on His word, meditate upon His law. "Oh, the blessedness!"

By CHARLES E. WENIGER
in *Signs of the Times*

A PRAYER FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY

"O THOU, who still remainest, though all else perish, my Father and my Friend, in spite of loss and failure, I rejoice today in the fulfillment of another year of life, of work, of thought and service.

"Wherein I have failed to read Thy will, or to yield my heart to the pleadings of Thy love, wherein I have, by act or word, added to the sin and sorrow of the world, do thou forgive and show to me once more Thy mercy and transform my evil into good.

"I dedicate myself anew to Thee this day. The past thou hast withdrawn into Thy eternity, but the future Thou hast left still open to my care.

"Renew my faith in Thee, my Father-God: refresh my tired spirit. Give me to renounce every weakness, to put beneath me every cowardice and fear. Give me to dare and to overcome. Grant me to live in noble purposes, in Christ-like deeds, that shall give to my years dignity and worth and sustain me with the glad hope that beyond time and place Thou wilt permit me to serve and to aspire; for Thy name's sake. Amen."

Blow wind of God and set us free
From hate and want of charity;
Strip off the trappings of our pride
And drive us to our brother's side.

—William Charles Braithwaite.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION OF LIFE

By HENRY VAN DYKE

"THIS fair tree that shadows us from the sun hath grown many years in its place without more unhappiness than the loss of its leaves in winter, which the succeeding season doth generously repair, and shall we be less contented in the place where God has planted us? Or shall there go less time in the making of a man than in the growth of a tree? This stream floweth dimpling and laughing down to the great sea, which it knoweth not—yet it doth not fret because the future is hidden; and it were doubtless wise in us to accept the mysteries of life, this New Year, as cheerfully—and go forward with a merry heart, considering that we know enough to make us happy and keep us honest, throughout the year. A man should be well content if he can see so far ahead of him as the next bend in the stream. For what lies beyond let him trust in the hand of God."

BEAUTY AS THE HANDMAID OF ORDERLINESS

By VIOLA E. HOLLEY

ORDER in the home! How desirable! But how varied are our methods of trying to achieve it! I found that it was after I had caught a glimpse of the beauty that may be expressed through order that I really began to enjoy my housework and could find the results more satisfying.

The little experience that brought me this glimpse of beauty came one day when I had gone for a walk. My little outing took me through a part of town that had been one of the first to be settled and my homeward way led along a quiet village street, bordered with magnificent elms of nearly a century's growth.

As I paused at one of the crossings, I noticed on the opposite corner a tree that stood out imposingly from among its fellows, towering far above them all, its widespread branches lifted in grace-

ful, orderly arrangement. The charm of this tree obliterated everything else from my view and I stood for many moments admiring it and studying it, wondering what it was that lent such loveliness to its appearance.

The branches, bare of leaves, for it was wintertime, stood out in dark contrast against the blue of the sky and for my mood at the time this added greatly to the beauty of the picture, for it revealed that every branch, every tiny twig, even, was placed in just the right position to add to the harmony of the whole. This harmony, I concluded, was the secret of the tree's great appeal for me.

At last, content with drinking in the beauty of its lines, I continued on my way, but in those few moments I had grasped a thought that I have been able to hold and apply ever since in my work. It is the thought of the beauty that may be expressed through order.

The memory of that tree helps me more than anything else ever has to keep my house in order. I think I shall never again find it so hard to clean a room or put things in place. The picture of that beautiful elm comes to me and reminds me of the grace and beauty that can be expressed richly through order.

At the time I hurried on, eager to prove for myself that this could be true in my home in a fuller sense than I had ever realized before. Quickly I went to work, putting things in order in the living room. While the thought of the tree was still with me I called my six-year-old boy and shared my experience with him. With a child's quick imagination he caught the spirit of it and together we went about the house finding how much beauty we could bring out by putting everything in its right place. This little incident happened several months ago, but even yet, when we are enjoying an automobile trip through the country, we call each other's attention to beautiful trees that we see where all the branches and the little twigs are in their right places.

The experience did even more for me than just to help me with my housework. It relieved me of any inclination to find fault with the children if they sometimes slip in remembering to put their belongings away. Having once seen the beauty that may be expressed through order, and realized the joy it brings to my work, I feel that it would be most unfitting to scold or nag. Instead I have had to try to find ways of helping the children appreciate how easily harmony can be brought out in a room when things are rightly placed.

I started with a little problem that came up with the youngest. He had been dropping his sweater wherever he happened to be when he took it off. In thinking this over, I remembered how an older son for many years has been neatly folding his sweaters and laying them on a closet shelf whenever they are not in use. I do not recall ever having asked him to do this or of making any special effort to teach him to be neat about such matters but every time I clean his room the picture of those sweaters folded in such a careful way is a source of inspiration to me.

This son, now in college, is still at home and much admired by the little brother. So I told the child about his brother's sweaters. We went upstairs and looked. Yes, there they were, neatly folded and lying on the closet shelf. Then we went downstairs again and the little fellow found a convenient place to lay his sweater. He practiced folding it carefully several times, laid it on the shelf he had chosen and was pleased with the result. This has helped him to remember to put his sweater away. It is only a beginning, but he associates the experience with a pleasant memory and as we go on cherishing the love of order in our thoughts, more and more harmony will appear in our home.

Whittier gives a glimpse of the beauty that may be expressed through order in a few lines that can be helpful to any mother:

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;

Take from our souls the strain and
stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

—Selected.

TESTED RECEIPTS

Baked Indian Pudding

- 1 pint hot milk
- 2 rounding tablespoons cornmeal
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup molasses
- 1 teaspoon butter
- 1 pint cold milk

Slowly sift cornmeal and salt into the hot milk, stirring and cooking 3 to 5 minutes. Take from fire and add molasses, butter and cold milk. Mix well and pour into baking pan or dish. Bake in slow oven 3 to 4 hours. Serve lukewarm, either plain or with cream.

Potato Soup

- 2 medium sized potatoes, peeled and quartered
- 1 medium sized onion, peeled and sliced very thin
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water
- 1 heaping tablespoon butter
- 1 heaping tablespoon flour
- 1 quart sweet milk
- 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper; more salt and pepper if needed.

Boil potatoes and onion in the hot water until thoroughly done, and water is reduced to about 1 cup. Press all this, water and all, through a sieve or strainer.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour, and add the strained potato mixture and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the milk. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Then add gradually the rest of the milk, heating but not boiling any more. Add 1 teaspoon butter, and more salt if needed, and serve very hot.

(The soup is improved if a little chopped celery is cooked with the potato and onion.)

—Contributed.

Your daily life is your temple and your religion.

—Kahlil Gibran.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BUNS FOR BEARS

SUNDAY is Fellows' Day at the London Zoo. Noon finds the revolving entrance gates clicking regularly to admit those who hold the coveted Fellows' ticket—and not otherwise is it possible to enter on this day. But Fellows have many friends and relatives who apparently beg gifts, for there is still a crowd even with these limits set to the number of entrants.

A zoo usually can attract a throng when any other form of amusement is going begging. It may be that, in a zoo, humans find such curious analogies. At any rate, it seems a good idea to put animals in a situation to examine humans at close range, thus to see what a harmless lot we are, taken by and large—and at our best.

Practically everyone likes a bear—in a zoo. The walk to the bear cages is a constant line of march. Brown Bruin alternates laughing at us and trying to turn somersaults to earn morsels which he really doesn't want, being surfeited already. The polar bear stands up to his full enormity of height and folds his arms with a patient smile, knowing it is expected of him—just as children do when asked to speak a piece for a visitor. And finally when nothing comes his way, he sits down and reads with disgusted mien the legend on his house—"Feeding the Polar Bears Is Strictly Prohibited."

Buns are a favorite dish in the bear cage, although bananas, hard-boiled eggs, sweet biscuits and oddments likewise find their way over the barrier.

Only the yaks and seals are really hungry. Several monkeys take tentative peanuts, eye us with bored indifference and drop the nut with a gesture of disdain *outside* the cage. But the yak—he takes the entire bag through his fence and, after one delighted sniff, devours bag and contents with relish. A yak is a good, brisk, honest fellow like his name—no nonsense about his appetite.

An astonishing feature about the Lon-

don Zoo—at least to an American—is the festive occasion which is made of it in the evening. Dinner parties often repair to the zoo for special entertainment. To see women trailing about in evening clothes, and men in dinner jackets, or even "tails," is a startling sight—but the animals take it as a compliment. The sleepy penguins wake up and walk importantly up and down, looking—as to dress—so very like the gentlemen on the other side of the railing. The monkeys preen themselves, and one takes out a mirror and examines her small face with great deliberation. Evidently she feels as much satisfaction at the sight as does the lady outside the cage, who is doing the same thing. Whether it is a case of "monkey does what monkey sees," or just a natural instinct on both sides of the fence—well, who can tell?

There is the gamut of temperaments—the lion roars and the wildcat stalks arrogantly; the bison is untidy and wears a moth-eaten coat. The elephant walks heavily past, swinging his trunk mischievously from side to side to snatch a sandwich on its way to another mouth, the while he patiently totes his load of small fry riding delightedly on his back.

Last of all, we visit the giraffes and zebras, who live not far apart, and rightly, since both seem more like figments of fancy than members of the animal kingdom. His nibbs, the giraffe, is eating his hay up in the top of his cage, and gazes at us calmly with his soft and placid eyes. Towering above all the rest, perhaps he can afford to spend his life in silence and with unbowed knee! As for the zebra, if his well-styled stripes are camouflage for the light and shadow of darker Africa, who knows but that future centuries will produce dogs done in Scotch plaids or checkered cats indistinguishable from moonlight on the back fence? After a zebra or a giraffe, anything seems possible!—*Christian Science Monitor.*

JUNIOR EXCHANGE

In the October issue, we asked boys and girls who would like to correspond with other boys and girls to send in their names and addresses to the Editor.

This is a new feature of this page, and we depend on you, our younger readers, for its success and interest to you.

Young people who live in another state or another part of our great country, will have interesting things about which to write you, and they will also, in turn, like to hear what you are doing—studying—reading—playing.

If a sufficient number of names are received, the first list will be printed next month. From it you may select your own correspondent, to whom you should write directly.

So, if you are interested, send your name and address to Mrs. Bessie D. Ducey, Editor, 159 Grandview Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

SAMMY SNAIL HAS HIS DAY

SOLOMON Snail, Esq., lived with his family in "Stone Manor," just under the hedge at the end of the lane. It was a nice, dry, sheltered house, and as Solomon Snail worked hard, he was able to bring up a healthy, prosperous family, with a little money to spare for the next ones who would arrive in early spring.

His children did him credit, too. They washed and polished their shells punctually each morning at 9 o'clock, and not only were the girls extremely useful about the house, but most of the boys were already earning their living as porters and general carriers—for, as you know, the common snail is quite capable of carrying a load 50 times as heavy as himself.

But one member of the family, we are sorry to say, was an exception—and he was Sammy Snail, the youngest of the boys. Somehow he had always been a trouble to Mrs. Snail, though she was very patient with him, and hoped that one day something would happen to make him change his lazy habits. For lazy he certainly was, and as if that were not

bad enough, he was also extremely vain, and laziness combined with vanity—well, it is rather asking for trouble, isn't it?

Sammy's trouble began one day when he was lounging by himself under the hedge, idly listening to the conversation of two grasshoppers. Now the grasshoppers were teasing Sammy, for they knew how vain he was, and they didn't really mean what they said at all.

"Fancy having to carry a great lumbering shell about with you," said one.

"Yes," replied the other, "and having to hide your beautiful back, too!"

"I wouldn't put up with it if I were a snail," laughed the first.

But Sammy had heard enough, and he slunk miserably away. It was true, he reflected, how much more beautiful and elegant he would be if only he could get rid of this cumbersome burden—and how the others would envy him!

And then, suddenly, Sammy remembered that tomorrow was "his day" when he would be free to do exactly what he liked. Sammy trembled with excitement as he thought how he would go a whole day without his shell.

But, alas! things seldom turn out exactly as we expect, and poor Sammy remembered his day for many a year to come. He sprang excitedly out of bed half an hour earlier than usual, and was greeted by shouts of laughter from his brothers and sisters.

"Look at Sammy!" they cried. "Doesn't he look funny?" and they laughed till the tears rolled down their faces, and the stones round the house were quite damp.

Sammy hurried to the pool in the meadow and peered at his own reflection. Certainly his back had rather an odd appearance—what exactly had those grasshoppers meant? he wondered. And then, "Splish! Splosh!" a shower of rain pattered down, and he instinctively drew in his horns—alas! there was no roof to shelter under, and he sat huddled up and shivering. Even worse was to follow, for without the added strength of his shell he was too weak to pull anything along.

He wandered miserably about, not daring to ask his family for food—and then,

all at once, his eyes were opened, and he saw how beautiful the others looked in their shells. The surface gleamed and shone like mother-of-pearl, streaked here and there with amber and pale rose.

He wept bitterly, and dragged himself under a hard stone until his day should end.

"Had a good day, Sammy?" inquired his mother cheerfully the next morning. And a very penitent little snail humbly replied, "Well, I'm rather glad it's over, Mother," and snuggled cozily under his roof.—*Clipped.*

"PURPOSE"

By CATHERINE CATE COBENTZ

"The soul that has not suffered
Will know no perfect hour—
Generous the pruning,
Lovelier the flower."

HOW TO PLEASE PARENTS

PHILLIPS BROOKS was called upon to preside over many christenings in his Boston parish, and he knew it would never do for him to praise this baby more than that, for their mothers might compare notes. Yet he must say something nice about each, and so great was his rhetorical genius that all agreed Pastor Brooks had said "just the sweetest thing about our baby," but none was ever able to recall anything more definite than that he had paid the baby a special compliment. At every christening, he would take the infant in his arms, and gazing down benignly upon its wrinkled features, would smile and, in his fine, sonorous voice, cry out with great gusto, "Well, this is a baby, isn't it?"

—Milton Wright,
The Art of Conversation.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MISS ANNA E. SIBLEY, *Chairman*, 82 Browne Street, Brookline, Mass.

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Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and money from the Sunshine Bags should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the Cheerful Letter Magazine should be sent to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent to Miss Ethel H. Studley, 56 School Street, Hingham, Mass. Anyone, young or old, who is unable to continue work at an educational center may become a correspondent.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Neal D. Randall, *Chairman*, 12 Stearns Street, Westwood, Mass. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.